

TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court.
Robert C. Jackson, judge; H. Bane Harman, clerk. Terms of court—1st Monday in April, 4th Monday in August and 1st Monday in December.

County Court.
J. H. Stuart, judge; T. E. George, clerk. Terms of court—Tuesday after 3d Monday in each month.

Officers.
Barnes Gillespie, Com. 'th. Atty. E. King Crockett, Sheriff. R. S. Gillespie, Deputy Sheriff. H. P. Brittain, Treasurer. H. G. McCall, County Surveyor. S. V. Kelly, County Supt. Schools. Address, Unaka, Va.
P. H. Williams, County Supt. Schools. Address, Snappys, Va.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday 9:30 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. D. A. Giem, pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m. second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor every Friday at 7 p. m. R. E. Elmore, pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH. Main Street. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. "Little Workers" Juvenile Missionary every second Sunday 3 p. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m., second and fourth Sundays 7 p. m.

NORTH TAZEWELL CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m., second and fourth Sundays 7 p. m. R. A. Kelly, pastor.

UNION PRAYER SERVICE.—Every Wednesday evening 7 p. m., alternating between the Baptist, Christian and Methodist Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m., second and fourth Sundays 7 p. m. R. A. Kelly, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN, BURKE'S GARDEN.—Preaching on first Sunday at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. S. O. Hall, pastor.

TAZEWELL PREACHERS COUNCIL. Every Monday at 2 p. m.

SECRET ORDERS.

CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20 KNIGHTS TEMPLAR. Meets first Monday in each month. JAMES O'KEEFE, E. C. W. G. YOUNG, Recorder.

O'KEEFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 28. Meets second Monday in each month. W. C. PENDLETON, H. P. W. G. YOUNG, Secretary.

TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M. Meets the 3rd Monday in each month. JAMES O'KEEFE, W. M. JNO S. BATTIMORE, Sec'y.

TAZEWELL TABERNACLE, PILGRIM KNIGHTS. Meets 4th Monday in each month. JAMES O'KEEFE, Chief. W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 100 K. OF P. Meets every Thursday night in Odd Fellows Hall. R. M. STERLE, C. C. J. B. CRAWFORD, K. of R. & S.

J. & E. D. MARY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

FULTON & COULLEN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

GREEN & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS. Tazewell, Va. Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

GEO. W. ST. CLAIR, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

C. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

POWEN & ROYAL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

W. B. SPURR, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Richlands, Va. Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

J. H. STUART, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

HENRY & GRAHAM, LAWYERS. Tazewell, Va. Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

A. S. HIGGINS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

Sleep in Church. Hitherto it has been considered a moral weakness to slumber in church. Now Dr. Dabbs, the editor of Vectors, comes to the rescue of the church sleepers with scientific facts. "You know! It is only carbonic dioxide." The really irreverent person is he who permits the church to be full of this foul air.

Admirers of Distortions. The broken and distorted foot of a Chinese lady is called a "golden Lily" by Chinese admirers of such distortions.

An Indian Boy's Death. In his childhood days Senator Morgan, of Alabama, played a great deal with the children of Cherokee braves. While making a speech about Indians in the senate recently, he told in simple but most affecting fashion how he and Arkechee, one of his red-skinned playmates, went blackberrying. The Indian boy was bitten by a rattlesnake and died. None of the Indians thought the reptile hated Arkechee, who was bitten. They declared, because the Great Spirit wanted him.—Washington Star.

The Little Florist

THEY were florists.

He was a florist, and had hopes of making a good living. She was making a prosperous living by managing an inherited nursery. He was young. She was younger. There similarity ceased. He was rugged, uncultured, plain, though with a certain charm of virile, forceful and almost fatal to analyze. She was pretty, college bred, aristocratic. He believed in brawn and brain. She believed in blood and breeding.

They were not neighbors. She called herself a "horticulturist." He was merely a florist. Of course, Dick Russell was a bachelor, and in love.

"Why don't you stick up a house on your grounds?" asked Uncle William one night as he and Dick sat smoking a good-night pipe in the porch.

"Can't afford it," said Dick, curtly. "I'm putting every penny I can raise into that gas machine I'm building in the nursery."

"Foolish, too!" grunted Uncle William. "Mebbe so," assented Dick, grimly.

The months passed. Dick said little, but read a great deal. One day he horrified Uncle William by requesting permission to put in a telephone.

"What for?" demanded he in a breath. "Cause I want it," said Dick.

So, in spite of opposition and dire predictions, the telephone was installed, connecting the house with the distant village of Pritwell. His point won, and his crop money safely deposited in the bank, Dick threw himself heart and soul into the completion of his flower gas plant. He bought tons of slender iron piping, and many tons of hard coal. He dug ditches and laid a portion of the piping around his orchard and at regular distances across it, until the ground looked like a gigantic gridiron. The unused piping (by far the larger portion) was stored away in the gas house. When the work was finished and the ditches filled in, curious neighbors commented on the "queer nozzles," which showed above the ground at intervals along the straight rows of buried pipes.

"Go to bed," they asked. "Mebbe so," said Dick, grimly.

"How're you going to blow an' harrow with them things a-stickin' up in that way?"

The gas machine itself, situated in the center of the orchard, was by aid of a stout building, stout shutters and a portly padlock, made curiosity proof. No one went into this building except Dick and two trusted workmen.

"It's perfectly sound!" snuffed Aunt William one bitterly cold evening, as she sat by the kitchen fire mending a pair of Dick's socks.

"Which?" asked William, looking up from his newspaper absent-mindedly. "Dick's gin's on."

"Where's he goin' now?" he asked, his mind still on the paper. "Don't you know," she demanded, looking at him severely, "that Dick is a-spendin' ev'ry penny he's got in the world for a big machine an' a lot 'o' rusty pipes?"

Uncle William looked crushed. "Just as he said," suddenly holding up one of Dick's socks warily.

Borne on the crisp night air there came the distant ringing blows of hammer upon steel.

Just then the telephone bell rang loudly. "Goodness me!" exclaimed William, almost dropping the lamp. Stepping to the instrument, he put the receiver to his ear.

"Is Dick Russell there?" asked an unfamiliar voice. "No. He's away at work on his gas engine."

"Will you take a message to him at once?" "Who're you?"

"Never mind me. Here's the message—it's important. Tell Russell that the weather clerk wires: Severe frost to-night. Good-by."

Uncle William gasped and turned to his wife. "What's all about?" she spluttered. "Severe frost to-night," repeated he.

"That's what the man said," persisted he. "He's crazy," snapped Aunt William. "Mebbe so. Mebbe folks say Dick's crazy, too. Mebbe we're all crazy."

And Uncle William reached for his boots. "What are you goin' to do?" "Do? Why cart this message over to Dick afore it gets froze on the way."

A tramp of about 200 yards through the snow brought Uncle William to the "gassy madhouse" (as Dick's neighbors called the structure).

"Who's that?" asked Dick's voice from within. "Me—Uncle Bill."

"What's up?" "There's to be a severe frost to-night. Weather expert says so. An' I'm a-freezin' out here."

Dick swung the door wide open. "Come in," said he. "So there's going to be a big frost to-night, eh?"

"That's the telephone message."

"Much obliged," said Dick. "Did you notice what the thermometer said when you left home?"

"It said five below zero."

Picking up the lantern, Dick hurried outside the door and consulted his own thermometer.

"Six below now," said he, thoughtfully. Then, hastily giving some instructions to the workmen, he put on his coat and hat, took up the lantern again and turned to Uncle William.

"Uncle Bill," said he earnestly, "I've been working and waiting a long time for this night. Sit still and get warm till I come back."

Dick went out. Where had Dick gone? Straight to Helen Remington. That is, as straight as a detour around the fence would permit. As he marched up the walk to the house (which he had never been but once in his life) he was awing his uncle's lantern and stamped his feet to keep up his courage. He knocked on the door softly. His heart pounded fiercely.

"Who is there?" asked a puzzled, half-frightened feminine voice through the door.

"It's only Dick Russell," he said, quietly. "There's an important matter I must see you about."

Then she opened the door—haughtily, fearfully. "Come into the sitting-room, Mr. Russell," said the girl, frigidly.

There was to be a big record frost to-night, said he, blushing like a girl. "I've just had news from the weather bureau; and I've come to warn you."

"Have you warned the other neighbors?" she asked, quietly. "No-o. That is, I—"

"Why haven't you?" "Because I—well—bother it all!" he stammered, suddenly getting warm all over—"because I thought of you first. And I only got the news a few minutes ago. And I couldn't, if I wanted to, save all the orchards around here. But I can save yours—and my own—and Uncle Bill's."

"How?" "With the gas plant I've been building, and—"

He hesitated, stopped. "Never mind the details, Mr. Russell," she said, hurriedly, as she arose to her feet; "it is late, and there is your own garden to think of. Mine must take its chances, as it always has done. I thank you."

Interrupted Dick, as he stood up and faced her—"but"—he began again—"I—"

Then a sudden comprehension swept through him; he understood her strange expression. The words he would have said died upon his lips. He marched out.

"There must be an unusually hard frost to-night," she thought. She looked at the thermometer. Eight degrees below zero!

She began to feel afraid; she had heard of the damage wrought by cold only a trifle more intense than this.

Looking out in the direction of Dick Russell's farm, she saw that his orchard was encompassed and crossed by systematic rows of yellow light-gills, blazing and smoking uncanonically in the still air.

Then the truth came home to her. He was not insane. He was merely a genius. He was right; she was wrong. He had come to her in many helplessness, and she had—

The tears came to her eyes. But not for long. Hurrying to the hall, she put on her heaviest boots and warm wraps, and stepped outside. But one thought possessed her—to find Mr. Russell and ask his forgiveness. The rest did not matter.

She found him, as fate would have it—alone. Hearing footsteps, Dick raised his head.

"Helen!" They looked into each other's eyes—hesitating, incredulous, mute.

Words came at last. "I misjudged you," she said, simply, humbly. That was all.

That night Dick "did things"—many things, rapid, clever things. He hurried Aunt William and the two men, Uncle William hurried two horses, and the two horses hurried load after load of spare iron piping to various places on Miss Remington's farm. Day after day, with great joy (and a file), Dick cut a wide opening in the fence. Under his vigorous strokes the wires parted with a vicious, reluctant snap, and the victorious brazier passed through into the promised land.

Quickly and deftly the men began coupling the lengths of pipe together; while Dick, with one hand almost frozen, went back to find his lost mitten. Finding it, the pipe-laying progressed with greater rapidity. Soon the Remington orchard was encompassed and crossed with lines of black tubing laid upon the snow-crust, each pipe-length pierced in the center with a tiny drilled hole. Ten degrees below zero!

Wearied and cold the men staggered to the gas house and sank exhausted on the floor. After a short rest Dick consulted the thermometer again.

Five below! "I've done it!" he gasped, triumphantly.

As weeks and months went by the wisdom of Dick's "foolish idea" became more and more manifest; and, when crop-time came, the only orchards which bore fruit crops in that village were the three farms at Pritwell. Dick's bank account grew prodigiously. The last remnant of Miss Remington's mortgage disappeared.

The breach in the fence barrier, once open, slowly widened; the sun-dried wires, once parted, refused to reunite. The way into paradise remained open. One night he asked a question—that question which has reechoed in the universe since he began—and Miss Remington, blushing archly said: "Yes, Dick"—London Answers.

MARCONI SENDS A MESSAGE. Blinding Flash of Blush Light and Great Electric Sparks Signal Its Departure.

"All ready!" he cried to the electrician, who stood in the power room watching the inventor through the long connecting wires. A lever was pulled, and a dim light filled the room. The indicator of the volt meter began to race past all sorts of figures on the face of the dial.

"Now I'll send to Poldhu." He pressed the key, says World's Work. There was a blinding flash of bluish light, for with each movement of the key great sparks jumped two inches between the two silver knobs of the induction coil. One knob of this coil is connected with the earth, forming the ground connection, the other with the wire leading to the aerial wires. Each spark means an oscillating impulse from the battery to the aerial wire, and from the wire the oscillations of ether which carry through space at the speed of 187,000 miles a second. With the blinding flash occurs a report to be compared accurately with the noise attending the discharge of a Krak-Jorgensen. It was terrifying—the light, the noise, and in the midst of it all the inventor calmly pressing the key, making more noise, more light. Imagine a company of infantry firing at will in a tunnel, and you can understand the sound the accompanying company of the key makes.

There is now experimenting to determine this sound. But somehow, to one impressed by the fact that here, in this very room, a message was being sent through the air across the gloomy stretch of 3,000 miles of ocean, the noise and the light seemed fitting—gave the proper touch of the supernatural, of force, of intensity.

SEWER BY THEIR GREED. Wild Animals That Are So Repulsive as to Be Easily Lured to Their Death.

It may be doubted whether those of us who are able to obtain sufficient food without difficulty can appreciate the craving for sustenance experienced by wild animals and the circumstances that have to be of circumstances, to fast for long periods. Girls will eat until they cannot fly, and when they

SUPPORT
SCOTT'S EMULSION serves as a bridge to carry the weakened and starved system along until it can find firm support in ordinary food.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.
67-69 1st Street, New York.
Sole and all druggists.

And pickards on board a boat will continue their feast until they can only lie down and gasp. A superfluity of food comes at such long intervals that when it does come the avian intellect reels at the prospect, and what seems a horn of plenty brings dire disaster. We are not surprised to hear of a John Dory, stuffed to the very mouth, floating helplessly on the surface of the water, unable to escape from a flock of sea birds which have deprived it of its eyesight and will quickly take away its life, says Longman's Magazine.

A snake which thrusts its head through the pallings to seize an unwary frog and finds itself unable to draw back again with the frog in its throat has wit enough to disgorge the amphibian and to deftly draw it through the leg so as to swallow it on the safe side of the pallings, but probably a snake which happened to be on the wrong side in company with a frog would consume it on the premises and so render itself incapable of wriggling through the bars.

NEW SYSTEM OF TELEGRAPHY. One with Novel Feature by Which 50,000 Words an Hour Are Transmitted.

At a recent test in Germany of the Polak-Vieg system of telegraphy a speed of 50,000 words an hour was attained. In transmitting this system, like other fast systems, uses a strip of paper previously punched with holes representing dots and dashes. The most novel feature of the system is the method of receiving, says an electrical paper. The incoming electric impulses cause a thin strip of metal, resembling a telephone diaphragm, to vibrate and thus move a tiny mirror attached thereto. A slender beam of light from an incandescent light falls upon the mirror, and is reflected thence to a strip of photographically sensitive paper, which is steadily unrolled by clockwork when messages come. Chemicals for "development" being applied, the paper exhibits a continuous dark line, with upward projections for dashes and downward projections for dots. The message must then be deciphered and the translation must be written out.

Language Spoken in Chicago. In a pamphlet entitled "A Sketch of the Linguistic Conditions of Chicago," Prof. C. D. Buck, of the University of Chicago, says that 40 languages are spoken in that city, which is more than in any other city in the world.

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HIGHSTRUNG NORTHERN FISH.

Some That Rarely Become Tame or Cease to Become Restless in Captivity.

"The theory that climatic conditions are largely responsible for the enterprise and activity of the American people finds contemporary demonstration in the lower orders of animals, and particularly among the fish," said a scientist who has made a close study of the collection in the New York aquarium.

"All of the game fish," he said, "the fighters, the highstrung, nervous fellows, like the brook trout, the black bass and their only slightly less strenuous brother, the pike, are northern fish. In only rare instances do these fish become tame or remain restless in captivity. They have the keen spirit of American enterprise in them."

"On the other hand, the quiet, easy-going fish are nearly all from tropical waters. Of course, there are exceptions from muddy habitats, but all of the brilliant-kind, gamely fish are from the tropics. They are calm and quiet, and after a short time in captivity become so tame as to eat food fearlessly from the hands of the keepers."

"The two classes," continued the scientist, according to the New York Mail and Express, "are like the nations of the north and south—one alive and keen, and the other beautiful to look upon and romantic, but lazy and useful only for decorative purposes."

DISLIKES MISSIONARIES. King Menekle Would Rather Have Them Remain Outside His Boundary Lines.

King Menekle, the native ruler of Abyssinia, never fancied Christianity or those who endeavor to propagate it, says an exchange. He is of the opinion that the orthodox faith is good enough for his subjects, and therefore those who go thither with the object of spreading the doctrines of the Roman Catholic or Protestant church think it advisable to say that their sole object is to convert Hebrews and pagans.

This was what Menekle, before whom he was summoned, inquired as to the object of his visit. When he heard it the king asked:

"What countries were you obliged to cross in order to come here?"

"Germany, Egypt and the Sudan," replied the missionary.

"And were you not able to find in Germany any Hebrews whom you might have converted?" asked Menekle.

The missionary was obliged to admit that he had seen many Hebrews in Germany.

"Well," said Menekle, "first convert the Hebrews and pagans in Germany and then come here and convert us."

An hour later the disappointed missionary was being conducted to the frontier by Abyssinian soldiers.